

Name _____

Mathematical Poetry

You will be writing a poem using mathematical terms. Your poem must:

- Have at least three stanzas with at least three lines each
- Use at least six mathematical terms
- Have a meaning that is applicable to something else in life other than math. (Use math terms to connect with something else). You can write about love, friendship, hate, acceptance, honor, compassion, change, or etc.
- Have a title
- Have your name on it
- Use alliteration at least once
- Use either a metaphor, a simile, or personification at least twice
- Be proofread several times
- Have a pattern of syllable counts per line.

Examples (However, you can create your own unique pattern):

Line one: 12 syllables
Line two: 10 syllables
Line three: 12 syllables

Line four: 12 syllables
Line five: 10 syllables
Line six: 12 syllables

Line seven: 12 syllables
Line eight: 10 syllables
Line nine: 12 syllables

Or

Line one: 9 syllables
Line two: 8 syllables
Line three: 7 syllables

Line four: 6 syllables
Line five: 5 syllables
Line six: 4 syllables

Line seven: 3 syllables
Line eight: 2 syllables
Line nine: 1 syllable

Or

Line one: 2 syllables
Line two: 4 syllables
Line three: 8 syllables

Line four: 3 syllables
Line five: 9 syllables
Line six: 27 syllables

Line seven: 4 syllables
Line eight: 16 syllables
Line nine: 64 syllables

**You may use the Quizlet
list of mathematical terms
that I have posted on my
website to help you.**

Examples of other poems using mathematical terms:

Maternal algorithms

Unkown

I am the sum of the ages beginning before my mother,
before my grandmother,
and before my grandmother's mother.

I am the product of their matriarchal choices,
the quotient of their actions,
reflections,
and self-images.

I am the difference of their generations.
And I bequeath the equation of this inheritance
to the matrices of
my living legacies.

MyVictory

by DAN LUCIER

You won't find my coordinates.
 I am in constant translation.
 My position is unknown.
You can use all your fancy formulas and
equations,
 but you'll never be able
 to put a function to my name.

Your seemingly radical moves
 were only repeated rotations.
Now your pyramids are crushed,
 and your cylinders are empty.
You were once at the zenith
 of your parabolic dominance.
Now you're on your way down.

Seeing Stars

by MARY ALDRICH

A star is born
 With magnitude proportional to the heavens.
Its radical beauty radiates cylindrical beams of
brightness.
 A midpoint of the celestial matrix within a
 parallel universe,
A locus for those who have left us to spend eternity,
 This fiery ball is an exponent of God.
Is it probable that I will one day unite with my
star,
 Or forever admire it from our rotating Earth?
It only seems logical that my destiny should be
fulfilled
And with death the equation of my life
complete